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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

WINTER FEEDING.

The farmers of the north have their time pretty equally divided into two great seasons—the producing season and the feeding season. Winter constitutes the feeding out season, and when the producing season has been unsuccessful and the winter long and cold, it requires skill, prudence, and good management, to make both ends meet, as they say. Yet the number of farmers who trouble themselves about any particular study of economy in these matters, are not so many as there should be. Most of us follow a sort of stereotyped routine—a common course, whose source is founded upon the principle, that there is enough and to spare, and the less thought and labor about it, the more gain—in time at least. This is not right, even if we have enough and to spare. Economy where there is an abundance, will oftentimes be the means of supplying some place, or some body, where there is much lack and need. Let us name a few items, where a little expense will be ultimately great gain.

A few years ago, we were called twice during the winter by a neighbor, who fed roots to his cattle, to assist him in relieving cattle that had got choked by them. His potatoes he threw over to them whole, and his turnips he cut with a sharp shod haphazard. Thus cut, some pieces were small, and some were large, some long, and some short. As a matter of course some of them stuck in the throat, and then, "whoa, boys," the old cow choked, and half the neighborhood called together to relieve her. Now a root cutter would not only save time in cutting, but render the danger of such occurrences impossible. Just set down and cipher up the economy of having one. Put the cost down, \$10. Allow ten percent. per annum for interest and wear and tear, this will be \$1. Now for the credit side, put down—half an hour per day saved in cutting, at ten cents an hour, (and that you will think cheap enough,) will be five cents a day, and a hundred days will pay that bill. Then put down the saving of half a day of there or four neighbors each who will not need to be called to help you *unchoke* any of your stock. Then put down the possible saving of a valuable cow, or ox, or steer. Then put down the saving yourself the anxiety and trouble of mind naturally felt when any of your stock are choked and liable to die from that cause. If all these savings do not prove the economy of the outlay for a good root cutter, we give it up. We will just add that roots cut in this way are boiled much quicker if you wish to cook them for swine and poultry. They can also be mixed intimately with cut straw or cut hay, which is no doubt the best way to feed them to cattle, sheep or horses.

We will add one more hint in regard to feeding corn to poultry in the winter. We find it good economy to grind the corn and cobs together fine for poultry. They will eat it just as well and as readily as if the cobs were not there. In this way you turn your cobs into eggs and chickens. We have this winter fed such meal out to hens, geese and ducks. We put it into a shoal trough, made by tacking together boards four inches wide, like a V, and give it to them dry. It all disappears before them, and does them good. Hens and other poultry, you know, like to have some grass to eat, and they do better if fed during the winter with some substitute for grass, than if fed upon nothing but dry grain. The corn cob is somewhat like grass in its chemical ingredients. To these, cabbage, ruta bagas and apples, cut fine, may be added, all of which they will eat readily and thrive upon, if they have enough, even in mid winter.

A NEW WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.

We have been in the habit of washing apple trees with carbonate of soda, (sal soda, as some call it,) dissolved in water, a pound to two gallons. This is cheap, and not dangerous to trees, while it invigorates the tree and keeps off the mosses, scale insects, &c. Recently we have seen a new wash proposed by D. W. L. of West Medford. In a communication to the N. E. Farmer of the 15th ult., he says he has used the following with advantage for the last three years:

"Procure soapstone dust at the workers of soapstone, sift it to get out the stones if you choose, mix it up to the consistency of paint with soap-suds, and add a very little slaked lime, and if you wish to give it an agreeable tint, stir in a very little yellow ochre. Apply this mixture with a brush to your young apple trees in the early part of the summer, and it will prevent the growth of moss, (which I do not,) and will give them a handsome, neat and healthy appearance."

Mr. D. W. L. uses the soapstone, we presume, merely as a convenient diluter or corrector of some of the bad properties of the lime. Lye, says he, is dangerous, and requires much experience. Lime is too stiff and closes the pores of the bark, but the soapstone dust incorporates with the bark, and in the winter season, presents a handsome buff color which cannot be rubbed off."

Probably some other dust would do as well as that recommended by D. W. L., but he says it is advantageous to his trees, and therefore it would be well to use this where it can be easily procured. Where it cannot, perhaps blue clay dust would be good.

To TELL GOOD EGGS. If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water—if the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

JUVENILE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We have been highly gratified in reading an account published in the last number of the Genesee Farmer, of an Agricultural Society got up by some boys and girls in Ohio. We give the following abridgment of the account as given in that paper:

The society was established in 1850, and called the "Greene Township Agricultural Society," and is conducted by young men, or rather juveniles under 21 years of age, (none over that age being allowed full membership.)

Their annual exhibition this year took place in the town of Chiviot, Hamilton Co., Ohio, and they made an exhibition they may well be proud of. Both fruits and vegetables were exceeding fine, and the handiwork of the young ladies especially admired.

It was first organized by five boys. They held their first exhibition in a small cottage, and the total number of members was 15. Next year they built a booth for their increasing wants, 40 feet by 18. This year, (1855,) they had 65 members. Finding that their booth was not large enough to accommodate them, they built for their next exhibition a booth in the shape of a cross 100 feet by 80. They still use the same tent, putting it up and taking it down themselves every year. This year their member list shows 125 names, and they are now starting a library for the use of the Society.

We think the Ohio boys have set a noble example to the boys of the United States. These young persons who have thus united to improve themselves in agricultural and other industrial arts will imbibe sentiments and obtain knowledge that will be valuable to them all their lives, and through them to the community.

Mr. Rosilly, who communicated this information to the Genesee Farmer, thus says of it: "This Society is an honor to the members and community. Conducted by young men as that Society is, I think it cannot but improve and make them better able to take the place of their fathers; for it is to young men that this country must look to see carried out the more enlightened principles of agriculture."

THE CHINA TREE.

A few weeks ago, we published from the Southern Cultivator, an account of the properties of the berries of the China Tree in expelling worms from horses, and made enquiries in regard to the tree itself. We have been favored with the following communication in regard to it, from friend Armstrong, who resides in the west part of Georgia.

Mr. A. formerly resided in Winthrop, in this State. We thank him for the berries, and the information given. We will plant the seeds, but it is not very probable that the tree will stand our climate. If it be a fact, however, that the berries are so efficacious in clearing horses from worms as represented, they ought to be kept by our druggists for sale. Ed.

Mr. Editor:—I have seen in the Maine Farmer, mention made of the China tree, and its berries being used for horses. I understand that the berry will clear worms from horses, and also children. I send, enclosed, a few of the berries that grow on a China tree in my front yard, of three years growth. Two came up from the seed in the summer, and both begin to shade the window in the second story towards night.

They are clean and lovely trees, making a dense shade in summer. The one that these seeds are taken from girls eighteen inches, at eight inches from the ground. The body of the other is much slimmer, having grown close to the house, and in a cluster of vines that was planted to shade the portico. The two trees make a shade far superior to all the jessamine that I could get over the portico. If they will flourish as well in your yard, you and your family may soon sit under the shade of beautiful trees.

The China tree, on the streets in towns, are not very tall, but when in leaf, are very shady. The cluster and smell of the flowers of this tree, are much like the lilac.

There are bushes of the berries on the trees about town, drying up, on the branches. We are having rain to-day, but water is very low, yet we have had but little rain for some eight months, though we had light rains enough to make fine crops.

Yours truly, ALVIN ARMSTRONG.
Dutton, Ga., Dec. 14, 1855.

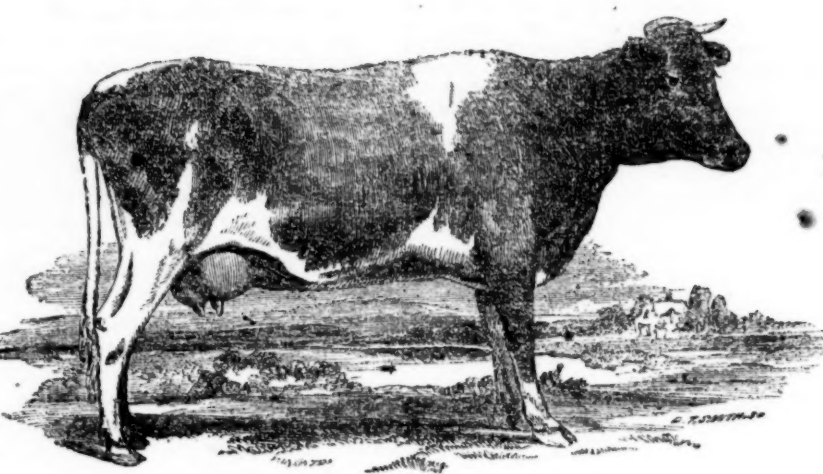
RICH'S IRON BEAM PLOW.

Mr. Editor:—Observing in your paper some time last winter or spring, an advertisement of "Rich's Patent Iron Beam Plow," representing it shorter than the plows commonly in use and requiring one third less draught to accomplish the same amount of work; we are anxious to obtain further information as to where and how it can be obtained. We have as good plows to cut the furrow slice as need be, but few of them will turn the furrow as completely and as even as we desire.

Now, sir, if you or some experienced farmer, will report through your paper the working qualities of said plow, and how it can be obtained, you will confer a favor on one who admires a good plow. Yours truly, H. FOSTER.
Pembroke, Dec. 15, 1855.

NOTE. We believe the plow referred to by our correspondent, is manufactured in Lewiston, by Messrs. Rose & Kilvert. We have never tried it, but we presume many of our readers have, and can give the desired information. Ed.

OILING MACHINERY. The wearing out of machinery, is more to be ascribed to neglect in oiling, or the use of bad oil, than to any other cause. In winter, none but the best cold-pressed sperm oil should be used. In warm weather lard oil will answer.



Portrait of the Jersey Cow, "Flora."

JERSEY COW, "FLORA."

We present, this week, the first in the series of engravings of some of the finest animals at the late Exhibition of the United States Agricultural Society, at Boston. It is a representation of the Jersey cow "Flora," owned by Jonathan French, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass. The New England Farmer, in connection with this engraving, publishes the following remarks, on Jersey cattle, generally, with a description of this cow:

"Among the efforts made to introduce better milk cows to our farms, both for milk and for dairy purpose, *Alderney* or *Jersey* cows, have taken quite a prominent place; but their possession has not become general; a few enterprising persons, only, having purchased them, who can afford to experiment, and lose, if such should be the result, without having the loss materially affect their other operations. In many cases they have proved excellent, but not in all.

Mr. Lawrence, in his general treatise on cattle, gives as a general description of the cows, that they are light red, yellow, dun, and fawn-colored; short, well-boned, deep-necked, with a general resemblance to that animal; thin, hard, and small-boned; irregular, and often very awkwardly shaped. He thinks they are among the best milkers in the world, as to quality. He had been assured that an *Alderney* cow that had strayed away from her owner, made nineteen pounds of butter a week, each of the three weeks she was kept by the finder; and the fact was held so extraordinary, as to be thought worth a memorandum in the parish books. This product, however, has been equalled, we believe, by some of the common, or native cows of New England. The reports in the transactions of our country agricultural societies have frequently shown a product of one pound of butter, from four quarts of milk.

Before coming to a conclusion of their value, we think they must become more common on our farms, so as more generally to learn their qualities, both for milk and beef, and their adaptation to our climate, and pasture. In the meantime, we are happy to breed and test them. The cow from which the above engraving was taken, is the property of Jonathan French, Esq., of Roxbury, who has furnished us with the subjoined account of her.

Flora, the Jersey cow, is four years old last September, and weighs nine hundred pounds. She was imported, September, 1854, direct from the Jersey Islands; was then with calf, which was dropped last March.

The largest quantity of milk she has given in any one day, was thirteen quarts. The whole of her milk, no portion being reserved, has been made into butter, giving, for several weeks, nine to ten pounds. After calving, she was sick and did not produce the quantity, or quality of milk, which may be expected from her when fully acclimated."

We shall next present a picture of "Czar," calf of the above cow, eight months old, and weighing 500 lbs.

ARE ENGLISH TURNIPS GOOD FOR SHEEP?

Mr. Editor:—I wish to enquire, through the columns of your paper, if English turnips are good food for sheep? I have a few sheep of a superior breed, which I wish to raise lambs from the coming spring. I am now giving them turnips, (cut fine,) at the rate of one quart each per day, and some of my neighbors tell me that the turnips will kill all the lambs. If you or some of your correspondents will express your views on this particular point, you will greatly oblige A. SUBSCRIBER.

New Gloucester, Dec. 21, 1855.

NOTE. We have fed sheep with English turnips, and never knew any harm come to the sheep or lambs either, from them. Probably more lambs die for the want of turnips than from their mothers being fed with them. Ed.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

Mr. Editor:—Being a blacksmith, I have been much troubled with chapped hands in the fall and winter. I have found a complete remedy, which is simply this: wash with castile soap and fine sand, scrub the thick rough skin down thin, and the remedy is complete. I often use sand paper with like good effect. Try it. W. BURNS.
Upper Gloucester, Dec. 11, 1855.

AS CORN MEAL is really a good food for cattle when mixed with cut straw, fodder or hay, and when thus used operates as a great saving, we advise all farmers not to sell their corn on the cob, but to have it shelled, and sell the grain only, reserving the cobs as food for their cattle. In view of the scarcity of the grass crop, it is at once the part of humanity as well as interest to economize everything on a farm in the shape of cattle food.

WAGONS, CARTS, IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS. Have everything of this kind overhauled under your own personal inspection, and have all necessary repairs made. Have all in use put away carefully under cover. If before having them put away you were to have a coat of cheap paint given them they would last much longer.

SONG OF THE ICE CUTTER.

The miner may talk of the treasures of ore
That the depths of the earth for his toil hold in store;
And the sorrowing Hindoo with tears wash the sand,
That yields the bright fragments of gold to his hand;

The hills of Potosi with silver may gleam,
And the gems of Golconda reflect back the gleam
Of the sun in his highest meridian blaze,
And treasure his brightness, when quenched are his rays;

But give me the diamonds that sparkle and shine
On the crimson-leaved maple, and close clinging vine!
And the rubies and opals that blushing glow
Where the dogwood's bright berries are covered with snow.

Our mine is extended far out on the lake,
And whoever is willing, the treasure may take,
By no dark rocky bounds are its riches confined,
But by trees bending low to each kiss of the wind.

Dark winter came breathing o'er river and plain,
And meadow through the forest and weep in the rain;
And bright glancing waves checked their murmurs,
To hear

The story that winter came whispering near.

The sun sadly folded his face in a veil,
And nature in pity grew fearful and pale;
But the lake hushed such tremulous warble to rest,
And received icy winter a friend and a guest.

He will not stay long; we must work while we may,
To gather the treasure he leaves on his way;
He offers it freely to all who will take—
Come on, my brave boys, for I'm off to the lake.

WINTER LANDS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

There is no difficulty in rearing lambs in the winter season, provided the ewes have been well kept, and have a warm, convenient place for their accommodation, and are properly fed while suckling. There should be prepared, previous to the lambing period, several small pens, about three feet square, with a convenient place for feeding. As soon as the lamb is dropped, it should be placed with its dam in one of these pens, and there allowed to remain until it is sufficiently strong to be removed to a larger apartment, which will usually be at the age of two days; but, previous to the removal, the lamb should be numbered corresponding to the dam, as the writer believes all good shepherds will have their flocks permanently numbered. This being done, several sheep and their lambs may be allowed to run together, and the small pens again occupied by sheep having young lambs. At the age of two or three weeks, the lambs will need to be fed with roots, oats, wheat bran, &c., for which purpose it will be necessary to have a small pen, adjoining their dams', where they can be kept by themselves, and their food placed in small troughs easy of access and protected so as to keep their food clean, and there will be no further trouble, aside from the annoyance of their bleating for the first few days. They should be allowed the best three times a day until they are about six weeks old, after which twice is sufficient, and near the time of weaning once a day is all that is necessary.

There are several advantages arising from separating the lambs from their mothers while quite young; first, they will grow faster as they learn to eat much sooner, and can always have a supply of oats, bran, &c., kept by them, which could not well be done if allowed to remain with their dams; second, the lambs are prevented from getting into the racks and damaging the hay, as is always the case if permitted to remain together the whole time; third, it is not uncommon for the lambs to acquire the habit of picking and eating small lumps of wool from the legs and thighs of their dams, which is avoided by making the separation. Aside from the above considerations, the lambs soon become gentle, which is of some importance to the flock-master. By adopting a course similar to the above, lambs may be raised in winter that will be as healthy and thrifty as those dropped in April or May.

GEO. CAMPBELL, of Westminster, Vt.
[Patent Office Report.]

WINTER SHELTER FOR ANIMALS.

Solomon says:—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." It is remarkable that on a very large majority of our farms, far less attention is paid to the comfort of our domestic animals during the winter months, than the well-known humanity of our farmers in other nations would seem to insure. Liebig, the distinguished German chemist says that our clothing is an equivalent for food; and ever-diminishing and reflecting person must have received a very striking and impressive corroboration of the truth of the observation in the plain fact that an animal comfortably sheltered, and provided with litter or bedding, consumes, during winter, less food by nearly one half than an animal of the same size and kind will require if uncared for and exposed. We have frequently been surprised and shocked by what appears to be an unfeeling carelessness of the comfort and health of their domestic animals, particularly their young stock.

Every correct farmer will study the comfort of every animal under his care—not only from a common principle of humanity, which is, or should be, instilled into him by the gentle and humanizing character of his pursuits, but from a healthy and laudable regard for his own interests. A facetious writer once said, "misery never yet fattened any one," and cold and hunger are miserable bed-fellows. Good barns, comfortable sheds, "cotes," for sheep and swine to go to when they please, are among the most elegant embellishments of which a homestead, in a rural district can possibly boast.

[New England Farmer.]

ICE MANUFACTURING.

The editor of the Cuyahoga Locomotive works, in Cleveland, there is a steam engine at work making ice. By means of the engine and sundry condensers, ether is driven from a retort containing three hundred and fifty pounds between a range of double iron plates, within which water is pumped, and by the ether is converted into ice. We have seen the ice made in this manner and watched the process. The arrangements are not as yet complete, but even now ice can be manufactured with the thermometer at 60, at a cost of not more than half a cent per pound.

TO PRESERVE POULTRY IN WINTER.

The late Judge Buel said:—"About the 15th of November I purchased a quantity of poultry for winter use. The insides were carefully drawn, their places partially filled with charcoal, and the poultry hung in an airy loft. It was used through the winter, till about the first of February, and although some was kept seventy days, it was not the least affected with moist or taint, the charcoal keeping it sweet."

[Germania Telegraph.]

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

BIRD'S NEST PIE. Take a deep baking tin, and set as many apples in it as will cover the bottom. Pare them and remove the core from one end; make a custard and fill each apple, as it is placed in the dish. Then make a thick flour batter, pour over the whole and bake one hour. Serve with sour sauce. [Ohio Farmer.]

BOILED POT-PIE. Take two quarts of apples, pare, core and quarter, then put them into a pot or kettle, and sprinkle on a little sugar, grated nutmeg, and pour in water enough to boil them. Then make a light salt crust and roll one inch thick, of the size of the kettle, and lay it on the apples; boil three-fourths of an hour without cessation. Prepare the sauce in the same way as for the bird's nest pie. [Ibid.]

PORK SAUSAGES—FIRE. Have two-thirds lean and one-third fat pork; chop very fine. Season with nine teaspoonfuls of pepper, nine of salt, three of powdered sage, to every pound of meat. Warm the meat, that you can mix it well with your hands; do up a part in small patties, with a little flour mixed with them, and the rest pack in jars. When used, do it up in small cakes, and flour on the outside, and fry in butter or oil. They should not be covered, or they will fall to pieces. A little cinnamon to a part of them will be a pleasant addition. They should be kept where it is cool but not damp. They are very nice for breakfast.

[Practical Cookery.]

BEEF SAUSAGES. To three pounds of beef, very lean, put one pound and a half of suet, and chop very finely; season with sage in powder, allspice, pepper, and salt; have skins thoroughly cleaned, and force the meat into them. [Ibid.]

SOUSE. Boil it until it is tender and will slip off the bone. If designed to pickle and keep on hand, throw it into cold water and take out the bones; then pack it into a jar and boil with the jelly liquor an equal quantity of vinegar, salt enough to season; cloves, cinnamon, pepper enough to make it pleasant, and pour it on the soused scalding hot, and when wanted for use, warm it in the liquor, or make a batter and dip each piece in, and fry in hot butter. This way is usually preferred, and is as nice as tripes.

[Practical Cookery.]

APPLES.

SEVERAL KINDS IN ONE TREE. In grafting large trees, several varieties of scions are frequently employed in forming one new top; there are several objections to this practice.

Every one at all familiar with fruit trees, must have observed that each variety has a mode of growth peculiar to itself, and those who have had much experience can often ascertain the kind, when not in fruit, by this circumstance alone. Some varieties are vigorous and of rapid growth, others are slow and unthrifty, and others of short duration and subject to decay early. A tree combining these discordant elements can possess little of symmetry or beauty, and the most judicious cannot remedy the evil. For instance, a tree may be grafted with the Northern Spy, which is of remarkable upright growth; the Roxbury Russet, which is horizontal, or spreading, and the Spitzenburg, whose branches are drooping or pendulous. In a few years the scions clash and entangle, and it will be impossible to give them the proper form or direction, and when the tree comes into bearing the defect will be still more apparent. There is another objection to having more than one variety in a tree; it creates confusion in gathering the fruit, and where the kinds somewhat resemble each other, they are liable to get mixed, causing dissatisfaction among the purchasers. Where a person has but little land, and a few large trees which he is desirous to graft to other varieties for his own use, and who is willing to dispense with a good formed top, it may be justifiable to put several kinds into the same tree, but in extensive orchards it should be avoided.

Leicester, Dec. 1855.

REMARKS. We call especial attention to this article. By observing its suggestions, a great many errors in the names of fruits, as well as a great vexation in the cultivation of them, may be avoided. [New England Farmer.]

PARNIPS FOR MILK COWS.

Will you inform me through the columns of the Country Gentleman, respecting the qualities of parnips as feed for dairy cows through the winter. I have a quantity, and would like to know if you think them good feed for milking cows.

THOMAS JONES.

Lexington, Ky.

Parnips are very highly esteemed as food for milk cows, as well as for pigs and poultry, in the Island of Jersey, where they are extensively grown for this purpose. We quote from the Cyclopaedia of Agriculture: "When parnips are given to milk cows with a little hay, in the winter season, the butter is found to be of as fine a color and excellent flavor as when the animals are feeding in the best pastures. As parnips contain six per cent. more mucilage than carrots, the difference may be sufficient to account for the superior fattening, as well as butter-making quality of the parnips. Don observe, that in the fattening of cattle the parnips is found equal if not superior to the carrot, performing the business with as much expedition, and affording meat of exquisite flavor, and of a highly juicy quality; the animals eat it with much greediness. The parnips are given in the proportion of about 30 pounds weight, morning, noon and night; the large ones being split into three or four pieces, and a little hay supplied in the intervals of these periods. The result of experiment has shown, that not only in neat cattle, but in the fattening of hogs and poultry, the animals become fat much sooner, and are more healthy than when fed with any other root or vegetable; and that, besides, the meat is more sweet and delicious."

[Country Gentleman.]

THE CORN CROP OF THE COUNTRY.

According to the best information, the corn crop of the United States for the present year is immense, greater than that of last season. It cannot be realized however to the full extent, for some months. The estimate in some quarters is a thousand millions of bushels. Corn constitutes a leading item in our agricultural products, and such a crop cannot but materially assist the prosperity of the nation. This cereal is used in many portions of the South and West as a substitute for wheat and rye, while it is one of the essentials in feeding horses, swine, poultry, and in the manufacture of whiskey. A heavy corn crop, therefore, is a great national blessing. We shall have a surplus extending to millions of bushels, and already numerous cargoes have been engaged for exportation. It should be remembered, however that in order to render the corn of the remote West available in the Atlantic ports, the price must be reasonably high, for otherwise it cannot be brought over the various railroads and canals with advantage. At some points, for example, corn sells as low as thirty cents a bushel, and at others as high as a dollar and ten cents. When it falls to fifty cents in New York and Philadelphia, it cannot of course be brought from the towns in the West, where it sells for thirty cents. May, in such cases, it must be consumed on the spot, for it becomes comparatively valueless. It is essential, therefore, in order to realize the entire crop, that the prices should be remunerating in the Atlantic cities. Only yesterday, we heard an extensive dealer express the opinion that corn would sell in Philadelphia in May as low as seventy-five cents a bushel.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

Chamber's Journal alludes to a discovery by Mr. Blundell, dentist, of London, of a process for extracting teeth without pain, and to another process described by Dr. Roberts before the Royal Society of Arts, for cauterizing the dental nerve and stopping teeth without pain, independent of the ordinary intimidating mode of holding a red hot iron before the patient's face. Mr. Blundell's process is the application of ice to the jaw, which so deadens the sensibility that the tooth is extracted entirely without pain. The process of Dr. Roberts is to cauterize by means of a wire applied to the patient's tooth perfectly cold, and afterwards instantaneously heated to the required extent by a small electric battery.

CARNEGIE, in its wild state, is a slender, branching herb, with no appearance of a head.

The Muse.

From "Forest Buds."

FROST PICTURES.

The frost-kissed leaf and the forest
In a garb of icy mailer
And left on the panes of the window,
A white translucent veil.
Oh, a rare and radiant pencil
That a skilful hand hath
And none may mock or rival
His magical imagery.

Come hither and see sweet-voiced prattlers,
Who mourn for the summer lost,
Come hither and see what beauties
Are born of the winter's frost.

'Tis a scene in the northern region,
Where through the lingering light,
The mystic berrills
Is leading its wayling flight.

Where the elms and the fast-fleeting reindeer
Of the glimmering snow-paths go,
And the budding boughs of the fir-tree
Are heavy with clinging snow.

Where the woods flash back the sunshine
From their loads of glistening gems,
And clusters of glancing crystals
Depend from the swaying stems.

And after in the frigid distance
The glaciers crash and fall,
And ranks of towering ledges
Form a strong and massive wall.

But the wayward painter wearies
Of his first imagining,
And borders his wintry landscape
With the leaves and flowers of spring.

Alas, for the radiant picture
So truly and brightly drawn,
One smile of the winter sunshine
Hath touched it and it is gone.

As I lean, in our after-bellows,
The fancies and hopes of youth,
Or as vanish the shades of error
In the dawn of life's truth.

No trace of the beautiful picture
On the weeping pane appears,
But mountain and plain and forest
Have melted in liquid tears.

Thus ever our blisful dreamings
Of the bright and blessed ideal,
Are scattered in tears and sadness
By the stern, remorseless real!

TURNING THE TABLES.

Lady Erskine declared at a large party, in which
Lord Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, that
"a wife was a tin canister tied to one's tail," upon
which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with these
lines:

Lady Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister, tied to one's tail;
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister is polished, and useful, and bright;
And should skirt its original purity to him,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

The Story-Teller.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

By Mrs. C. C. Hall.

James O'Leary was a schoolmaster of great
learning and still greater repute; his school
was the most crowded of any school within fifty
miles of Killbuckin, yet he modestly designated
his "Small College"—and his pupils "his thrills
of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgar
gracians"—as he termed those who only learned
English, writing, and arithmetic—worth count-
ing. No boy, in his estimation, merited nam-
ing or notice until he entered "Virgil"; he began
his school catalogue with "the Vergils"; but
that he often regretted he had no opportunity
of "taking the shine out of their ignorant
chaps at Dublin College" by a display of his
"Gracians"—five or six clear-headed, intelli-
gent boys, whose broughs were on their tongue;
whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery;
and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their
Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as
their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a
certain extent, as all do who achieve one.—
In his boyhood he had been himself a poor
scholar, and travelled the country for his learn-
ing; he had graduated at the best hedge school
of the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had
an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately
or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vo-
cation by falling in love and marrying Mary
Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of
hardness and redundancy, he always made a kind
husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent
in every other respect, never could achieve her
A, B, C: this he was fond of instancing as a
proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James
looked with the greatest contempt at the system
adopted by the national schools, declaring that
Latin was the foundation upon which all intel-
lectual education should be raised, and that the
man who had no Latin was not worthy of be-
ing considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided,
was a very remote, silent district—an isolated
place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old
gentleman, whose father, having granted long
leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain
income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing
to others. The simple farmers had so long
considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he
confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by
saying in various languages what they had not
understood, if spoken in the vernacular, that
when a national school was proposed in the
parish by some officious person, they offered to
send up their schoolmaster, attended by his
Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to
"batter the board." This threw James into
such a state of excitement, that he could hardly
restrain himself; and indeed his wife could not
hesitate to say, that he has never been "right"
since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to
the national school system as James himself;
and the matter dropped without O'Leary's hav-
ing an opportunity of "flooring the board,"
which he bitterly regrets. James, for many
years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was
exceedingly kind to the itinerant class, of whose
merits he was so bright an example; for a long
time his college was a refuge of every poor
scholar, who received gratuitous instruction
from "the Master," and the attention and ten-
derness of a mother from "the Mistress." This
generosity on the part of James O'Leary in-
creased his reputation, and won him a great
many blessings from the poor, while pupils
thronged to him from distant parts of the king-
dom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the
sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neigh-
borhood, and paid largely for the classics, and
all accomplishments. This James found very
profitable; in due time he slatted his house,
placing a round stone as a "pinnae" on either
gable, representing, the one the terrestrial,
the other the celestial globe; he paved the
little courtyard with the multiplication table
in black and white stones; and constructed a
summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "ge-

ometrical principles," whose interior was de-
corated with maps and triangles, and every
species of information. It pupils came before,
they "rained on him," after his "Tuesdays"
was finished; and he had his name painted on a
gothic arch above the gate, which stood open
for the want of a latch. But somehow, though
James' fortunes improved, there was something
about his heart that was not right; he began to
consider learning only valuable as a means of
wealth; he became civil to rich dunce, and
continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian,"
who was it true, only a poor scholar. This
feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated,
gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary
began to put the question to himself—Why he
should do good, and bother himself so much,
about those who did no good to him?—Why he
had never ventured to say this out aloud to any
one, but he had at last whispered it so often to
himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily
occupied turning round some preparation in a
little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-about,
gruel, or "a sup of broth,"—which he knew on
that particular occasion was intended for the
"Gracian," who had been unwell for some
days,—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe,
and closing and clasping his well-thumbed
Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit at the
wheel, now that the day's a most done, and no
noble becomes soporific?—which signifies an
inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Ahy—he's
sick entirely, and has no one to look after him—
the place where he lodges has no convenience
for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've
nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it
of,—so I'll sit down at once."

"(A contemptuous "at once," means, at this
moment—is the present time—now—instan-
taneously.) "Why do ye sit—wasting your time—
to say nothing of the sweet milk—the whey,"
he was going to say, "the sour," but was as-
tonished, and so added, "other things—for one who
does no good to us?"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she
poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully
back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear?
—why, it's for the Ahy—the whey is it ye call
him—Ahy Gracius? No; Ahy the Gracian—
your top-boy—as used to be—he that his old
grandmother—(God help us! he had no other
kind or kin)—walked ten miles, just to see him
stand at the head of his class, that she might
die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is—"

"Well," replied the Master, "I know that.
I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what.
Mary, we are growing—not to say old, but ad-
vancing to the region of middle life—past its
meridian, indeed—and can't afford to be throw-
ing away our substance on the like of Ahy—"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.
"Ahy, indeed, Mary, we must come to a period
—a full stop, I mean—and—he drew a deep
breath, then added—"and take no more poor
scholars!"

"Oh, James, don't say the likes of that," said
the gentle-hearted woman, "don't—a poor
scholar never came into the house that I didn't
feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with
him—I never miss the bit I give them from
my heart warm to the soft homely sound of
bare feet on the floor, and the door's most open
itself to let them in."

"Well, we must take care of ourselves, wo-
man," said James, with a dogged look.
Why the look should be called "dogged," I do
not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate,
or given to it; but he put on the sort of look
called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose,
covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red
apple potato, and, beckoning a neighbor's child
who was hopping over the multiplication table
in the little courtyard, desired her to run for
her life, while the whey, which was hot, to the
house where Ahy copped that week, and he sure
to tell him he was to take it after he had said
his prayers, and while it was screeching hot.
She then drew her wheel opposite her husband,
and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Ahy
was a strong pet of yours, though you've cool-
ed of him late—I'm sure he got you a deal
of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him," said James.
"Oh, don't say that! sure, the blessing is a
fine thing—and all the learning you give out,
James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in
your head, which is a great wonder. If I
only take the meal out of the loaves, handful by
handful, it wastes away, but your brains hold
out better than the meal: take ever so much
away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, aggra!" answered her
husband—but he smiled. The schoolmaster
was a man, and all men like flattery, even from
their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't
be a loser by giving your learning to them that
want it," she continued "it does them good
and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary
continued. She was a true woman, getting her
husband into a good humor before she intimated
her objection.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear,"
she answered.

"Think of that, now!—and a boy I saw to-
day had just such another lucky meal as your-
self's under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the Master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur,
with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap
at his back, and a purty tidy second shoe at
clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in
mind of the way you told me you set off poor
scholarshiping yourself, darlin'!—all as one 'as
that poor little boy, darlin' the second said of clothes."

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary,
reminiscent of his bad temper, for Mary made a
mistake in her second hit. She judged of his
character by her own. Prosperity had rendered
her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense
the blessings she enjoyed, but it had hardened
her heart.

"Just six months of your teaching to make a
man of him, that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The trifling col-
lected for a poor scholar is little enough to give
him a bit to eat, and not paying anything to a
strong man like myself, James O'Leary—only
just the ass and continent it brings to one's
sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be
after doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow
and decided tone, "that's all better."

Mary gave a start—she could hardly believe
she heard correctly; but there she had been
turned from a man of flesh into a man of
stone. Under the impression that he was be-
witched, Mary crossed herself; but still he was
there looking, as she afterwards declared, "like
nothing."

"Father of Mercy!" she exclaimed, "spake
again, man alive! and tell us, is it yourself
that's in it?"

James laughed; not joyously or humorously,
but with a certain grimace.

but a little, dry half-stared laugh, lean and
hungry—a giggling laugh; but before he had
time to reply, the door opened slowly and
timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, un-
mounting a pale oval face, entered, consider-
ably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I told you of," said Mary.
"Come in, ma bouché; the master himself is in
it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

The boy advanced his slight, delicate form,
bowed both by study and privation, and his
keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath
the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued
standing, his fingers twitching convulsively
amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he
hoped to be examined.

"What's your name—and stand up!" said
the Master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward
Moore.

"What do you know?" He said, "he knew
English and Vosters—a trifle of Algebra and
Latin—and the Greek letters—he hoped to be
a priest in time—and should be," he added con-
fidently, "if his honor would give him the run
of the school, an odd lesson now and agin—and
let him pick up as much as he could."

"And what," inquired O'Leary, "will you
give me in return?"

"I have but little, sir," replied the boy, "for
my mother has all of us, paying to me, and who
face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we
starve under. My father in heaven—my
eldest sister, a cripple—and but for the kind-
ness of the neighbors, and the goodness of one
or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide,
and, above all, the blessing of God—which
never leaves us—we might turn out upon the
road—and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me," said O'Leary,
very coldly.

"I know that, sir," answered the boy; yet
he looked as if he did not know it; "though
your name's up in the country for kindness, as
well as learning; but I was coming to it—I
have a trifle of about eighteen shillings—besides
five, which the priest warned me to keep, when
I went for his blessing, as he said I might want
it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if
your honor would take ten out of the eighteen,
for a quarter, or so, I know I can't pay ye'r
honor as I ought, only just for the love of God,
and if ye'd please to examine me in Latin, his
reverence said, I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what you've got," said the
schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside
his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton night-cap,
and held towards the schoolmaster's extended
hand; but Mary stood between her husband and
the temptation.

"Put it up, child," she said, "the master
doesn't want it, he only had a mind to see if it
was safe,"—then she turned to her husband—"Let
full ye'r hand, James, it's the devil that's under
ye'r elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes
do at the hook; it is the thin shillings of a
widow's son you'd be after taking! It's not
yourself that's in it at all!—then to the boy—"

"Put it up, dear, and come in the morning,"
said the Master.

But the silver had shone in the master's eyes
through the worn-out knitting, the "thin shill-
ings," as Mary called them, and their child
pouted his avarice the more. So, standing up,
he put aside his wife, as men often do good
cause, with a strong arm, and declared that
he would have all, or none, and that without
pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirst-
ing for learning, almost without hesitation,
agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying,
that the Lord above would rise him up some
friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a
look of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain
was struck, the penniless child turned from the
door, knowing that, at least, for that night, he
would receive shelter from some kind-hearted
cottage, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to
those who could not afford to go to the "great
master," while the dispenser of knowledge,
thinking the "thin shillings," strode towards a
well-heaped board to add thereto the mite of a
fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheer-
ful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards
in low sorrow, and determined to consult the
priest as to the change that had come over her
husband, turning him out of himself, into some-
thing "not right."

This was O'Leary's first attempt to work out
his determination, and he was thoroughly
ashamed of himself, he did not want to encoun-
ter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought
over his bloodied desk, and sat with his back
to her, apparently intent on his books; but de-
spite all he could do, his mind went wandering
back to the time he was a poor scholar himself,
and no matter whether he looked over problems,
or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the
pale, gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he
had "floored," to the utmost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to
himself, "there never was one of them poor
scholars that had not twice as much as they
putted."

"Was that the way with yourself, avick?" she
answered. James pushed back the desk, flung
the ruler at the cat—bounced the desk along
him—and went to bed. He did not fall very
soundly—nor when he did, did he sleep very
soundly—but tumbled and tossed about in a
most undignified manner,—so much so that his
poor wife left off rocking, and taking out her
beads, began praying for him as hard and fast
as she could; and she believed her prayers took
effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept
soundly; but Mary went on praying; she was
accounted what was called the staidest hand
at prayers in the country, but, on this particu-
lar night, she prayed on without stopping,
until the gray cock, who always crowed at four,
told her what the time was, and she thought
she might as well sleep for a couple of hours;
for Mary could not only pray when she liked,
but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently
the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon,

however, as she hung the beads on the sun-
dial that supported the holy water cross and
cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called
her—"Give me your hand," he said, "that I
may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so,
and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own old darling," he whispered,
"I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't
—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was
really astonished to hear him say this. "It's
kay in almost I am, dear, and here's the key
of my little box, and go and bring out that
poor scholar's night-cap, and take care of his
money, and as soon as day breaks intirely, go
and find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll
never touch cross nor coin belonging to him,
nor one of his class, and give him back his coin
of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary, aggra,
if you've the power, turn every boy in the pa-
rish into a poor scholar, that I may have the
satisfaction of teaching them, for I've had a
dream, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows
better than myself how to be grateful for such
a warning,—there, praise the holy saints! it's
a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and don't
interrupt me."

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but anyhow,
I thought I was floating about in a dark space,
—and every minute I wanted to fly up, but
something kept me down—I could not rise—and

I've lost it."

"I've lost it," said Mary, "I've lost it."

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as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw
great many things floating about like myself—
mighty curious shapes—one of them, with
wings like a bat, came close up to me, and, af-
ter a while, what it was a Homer; and I thought
—it would help me up, but when I came to
a grab at it, it turned into smoke; then came a
great white-faced owl, with both eyes, and
out of one of them glared a Vosters, and out
of the other a Gough, and globes and ink-
horns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two
looking eyes into vivacious tadpoles, swimming
here and there and making game of me as they
passed—oh, I thought the time was a thou-
sand years, and everything about me talking bad
Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and
I without power to answer or get away. I'm
thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I
was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, particularly as
they wouldn't let you corrupt the bad Latin,
dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself,
after a thousand or two years, in the midst of
a—there was a mistfall all around me,
and in my head—but it was a clear, soft,
downy-like vapor, and I had my full liberty in
it, so I kept on going up—for ever so many
years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing
itself into a broken at either side, leading to-
wards a great high hill of light, and I made
straight for the hill; and having got over it, I
looked up, and of all the brightness I ever
saw, was the brightness above me the brightest;
and the more I looked at it the brighter it grew,
and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes, and
something whispered me that that was heaven,
and with that I fell down on my knees and
asked how I was to get there; for mind ye,
Mary, there was a golf between me and the
hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a
gap; the hill of light above me, was in no way
joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried
how I was to get there. Well, before you could
say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor
scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and
that have taken the vestments since. I knew
them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard
day's work I had gone through with them; just
for that, blessed pay, the love of God—
there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh yah mulla! think of that now, my poor
Ahy! didn't I know the good, pure drop was in
him?" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy
place, master dear," they said, "is for you to
make a ladder of us."

"Is it a ladder of—"

"What, will ye," interrupted the Master.
"We are the stairs," they said, "that will lead
you to that happy mansion—all your learning of
which you were so proud—all your examina-
tions—all your disquisitions and knowledge—
your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—
ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same,
all are not worth a traneen. All the mighty
fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's
learning, are not the value of a single blessing
here; but we, master dear, we are your char-
acters; seven of us poor boys, through your
means, learned their duty—seven of us! and
upon us you can walk up to the shining light,
and be happy forever."

"I was a bit bothered at the idea of mak-
ing a step ladder of the seven holy creatures,
who, though they had been poor scholars, were
far before myself where we were now; but as
they bent, I stepped, first, on Abel, then on Paddy
Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but how now,
when I got to the end of the seven, I found
there were five or six more wanting; I tried to
make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone
—I don't know where—held me fast. "O
the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me
after all, I said. "Boys—darlings! can ye
get me no more than half way after all?"

"Sure there must be more of us to help to
ye," makes answer Paddy Blake. "Sure ye
lived many years in the world after we left
you," says Abel, "and, unless you had been
a day, you'd be dead, and the leaves fall on a
day."

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lishment in the country use these machines exclusively.
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Wilson, Grover & Baker, and other patents, which have
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reduced prices, we have decided to receive all such machines,
and to repair and improve them, and to sell them at
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